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Haweis's "MUSICAL LIFE."*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

IN my first notice of this amusing book, I dealt only with those pages which, for the edification of an admiring and grateful posterity, set forth the author and his personal experiences. It was then said, however, that I felt tempted to take up another part of the volume, wherein there is much to observe of a characteristic sort. I am now yielding absolutely to the inducement, and trust that my readers may feel disposed to follow me.

Mr. Haweis is not a Philistine, but one of those products of "sweetness and light" which together make up a class analogous to the Hebrews who used to go into the Temple and, standing far away from the publicans, thank Heaven that they had nothing in common with the bulk of their nation. He has always borne consistent testimony to the assumed fact that, musically speaking, the mass of his countrymen are in a bad way. "You know very well," he says, in a burst of confidence that reminds me of Mr. Edmund Sparkler, "you know very well that the 'English are not a musical people.' They may cultivate music, they like it and pay for it, but they do not produce anything to be compared with the great masters on the Continent. The national music is about 'Champagne Charlie,' 'Tommy,' 'Waking the Baby,' 'Grandfather's Clock,' and 'Over the Garden Wall.' It is true, we have Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose compositions are always welcome, but he studied in Germany, he took the Mendelssohn scholarship at Leipsic, and therefore he may be considered, as far as music is concerned, a German to the backbone; it can scarcely be said of him, from a musical point of view, that in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations he remained an Englishman." On reading such a paragraph as this, one is disposed to drop banter and wax angry. Perhaps no other writer has managed to compress so much misrepresentation into so small a space. I am even inclined to regard the feat as a *chef d'œuvre* among Mr. Haweis's many performances in the same line. I shall not insult my readers' intelligence by pointing out the absolute wrong done to English art at a time when the Germans accept English operas and are glad to get them. Nor shall I pretend to rival Mr. Haweis in knowledge of music-hall ditties. I have a notion that our national music is other than the stupid songs sung by a *lion comique*—songs that are here to-day and gone to-morrow. As for the remarks concerning

Sir Arthur Sullivan; when Mr. Haweis insinuates that he is our only composer worth naming and credits him with taking a Mendelssohn scholarship at Leipsic, whereas he took it in London, it is evident that our author knows nothing about the subject regarding which he pretends to illuminate the world. Mr. Haweis admits that "in the last forty years the progress of music in England has been very great." He seems to have got this fact from the late Mr. Hullah, and naturally believes that Mr. Hullah had a considerable hand in it. I am not going to dispute the statement, but will just point out that when forty years of very great progress takes our nation no farther than "Champagne Charley," we have little reason to thank Mr. Hullah for helping it on, or Mr. Haweis for discovering it.

With the many pages devoted to violins and kindred topics, I shall not, as a critic, concern myself. It would never do to censure Mr. Haweis for blundering on subjects about which he is only half informed, and then to follow his example. He probably knows a great deal more about violins than I do—at any rate I give him the benefit of whatever doubt there may be in the case, and pass on to the final section of the book, with its long chapters devoted to the "Music of the Future." This section is preceded by an "interlude," and here we come upon more of our author's slap-dash assertion. Says he: "The Wagnerian music of the future has become the music of the present. Such fragments of it as are intended to stand alone, or can be dissevered from their dramatic surroundings, are the acknowledged plums in all our concert programmes. (A plum in a programme is good.) Every provincial band aspires to produce them. The operas which draw best at both of the great London houses are Wagner's operas (this, perhaps, is the reason why, in face of a plethora of cash at Covent Garden, Mr. Gye has almost ceased to play them); and the London season of 1881, with the Wagnerian cycle of dramas at one house, and *Nibelungen Ring* at the other, succeeded in keeping almost every other opera off the boards." Succeeded, also, let me add, in making one speculator insolvent, and disappointing the most moderate expectations of the other. Mr. Haweis continues: "The noisy opponents of a few years ago remind me, with their almost inaudible groans and faint praise of the victor, of the groans of Fafner the dragon, or 'Wurm,' and the unwilling tribute he is forced to pay just before he expires to the prowess and might of Siegfried." Lest Mr. Haweis should think he has made a point here, I would suggest that the groans of the monstrous beast to which Wagner has given

* "My Musical Life," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A.
London: W. H. Allen & Co.



a vocal part are by no means almost inaudible, and that it is a doubtful compliment to liken any man to the offspring of an unnatural crime. Mention of the dragon seems to inspire our author, and he bursts into a little prose-poem. "Some of us die in the autumn and others perish in the keener air of spring, but art leads forth her ringing choirs into the golden summer land, and the strong and young leap up at her call. Beautiful is the breaking out of fresh thought, fair is the coming of the new age. There is a wind in the trees, the murmur of waters, a fragrance streams from the East, and I seem to hear the morning singing together and all the sons of God shouting for joy." How lovely! No wonder there is talk of Mr. Haweis going to America! What a sublime moment that will be when he encounters "the mother of the modern Gracchi!"

It is funny to read, immediately after this rhapsody on art evolution, that music "has reached a point at which an art ceases to grow and stands full-blown like a flower." What, then, did Wagner do? He "concentrated into one dazzling focus all the arts," and this is the Wagnerian music-drama. Wagner is evidently Mr. Haweis's favourite hero. He raves about Liszt, but he grovels in the dust before Wagner, the clay in whose composition glitters in Mr. Haweis's eyes equally with the gold. Like the Beloved of Sulamith, the poet-composer is to his English admirer "altogether lovely." Under such circumstances we can hardly expect from our author a dispassionate estimate of Wagner's character and work. We might as well look for cool judgment of a lady's beauty from the lover who has just given and received a betrothal kiss. By the way, Wagner once kissed Mr. Haweis—on both cheeks too. Let the honoured recipient of so great a favour tell the tale.

"I saw him (Wagner) again in England—it was on that very evening he declined to go with me to be presented to a royal princess at the house of a well-known nobleman. If I have cause to regret that circumstance, I have also cause to remember that evening with some satisfaction—not only did I hear him read one act of his *Parsifal*, but I received from him a singular token of personal regard. I remember Liszt telling me with some pride how he had received (before writing orchestral works) the celebrated 'Kiss of Beethoven.' Beethoven was not in the habit, it seems, of embracing people, I now recall with a feeling of singular satisfaction the occasion on which Wagner favoured me in the same way, with a kiss. He advanced towards me, as I suddenly entered the room, with—'Ach! mein lieber Herr Haweis, was haben Sie den über mich schön gescheriben!' and, so saying, taking me by both elbows, he saluted me on both cheeks in the orthodox manner."

"He did not care for the press," says Mr. Haweis, in another place.

The "celebrated Kiss of Wagner" seems to have inflamed the mind of its recipient, and out of the fiery heat springs a wonderful creation, purporting to represent the master as a boy of seventeen. So early

Wagner had "dipped into most literatures, ancient and modern—glanced at science, learnt English in order to read Shakespeare, weighed several schools of philosophy, studied and dismissed the contending theologies, absorbed Schiller and worshipped Goethe, turned away from the conventional stage of Kotzebue and Iffland, tasted politics, and been deeply stirred by the music of Beethoven." Truly, a wonderful youth, with his glancing, and weighing, dipping and dismissing, tasting and absorbing—all the more wonderful because Dr. Hueffer tells us that at thirteen Wagner was "a not very industrious or hopeful" schoolboy. If this witness be true the youth must have done all his dipping and weighing in three years. Mr. Haweis continues in the same ecstatic vein about his "altogether beautiful." "At the age of eleven he (Wagner) had read Shakespeare. Surely, dramatic expression of thought and feeling could go no farther. But he would test it as a form of art by experiment, and see how it worked. He immediately constructed a drama, a cross between *Hamlet* and *King Lear*, forty-two characters suffered death in the first four acts, so that in the fifth, in order to people his stage at all, most of them had to reappear as ghosts. The Shakesperian method was closely adhered to, and for several years he continued to brood over it lovingly." Thus Mr. Haweis, reverentially, about what Dr. Hueffer calls a childish and grotesque ebullition of precocious conceit.

I need not present the reader with any further examples of that against which, in returning to Mr. Haweis's book, I desired to warn him. At the present time, as regards artistic men and things, there is a tendency to "gush" of the most elaborate and indiscriminate nature. Accuracy is rarely considered; dispassionate criticism is voted cold or malicious, moderate sentiments are sneered at as a survival of the Philistinism that cannot appreciate, and so on. Of all this, judging from "My Musical Life," Mr. Haweis is a conspicuous representative. His book abounds in errors on matters alike of fact and opinion; its tendency, I cannot but think, is harmful, because impulse is substituted for reflection, and its apparent end would be served were music reduced merely to an excitant of the nerve centres. It may be said that such a book defeats itself. Hardly so, however. Mr. Haweis is an honest enthusiast, and honest enthusiasm will always carry many away with it. Therefore I would put readers on their guard, and prepare them to receive Mr. Haweis not as an instructor, but as an amusing companion.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

PIANOFORTE-PLAYING.—II.

IN A former paper upon this subject, published in THE LUTE, I endeavoured to indicate the leading features of the important changes undergone some thirty odd years ago by the method of pianoforte-playing generally adopted in this country, referring with unavoidable superficiality to the eminent executants through whose example and influence

those changes were mainly brought about. Whether the innovations in composition for and manipulation of the pianoforte called forth the surprising developments of that instrument's resources invented by its manufacturers or were themselves the offspring of those developments, is a question scarcely less difficult to answer conclusively than the antique "poser" respecting the priority of the hen or the egg. In all probability the mechanical contrivances by which the clavichord acquired greater force and breadth of tone, as well as other qualities and capacities that may be said to have revolutionised its special instrumental character, were nearly cœval with the transformation effected by Thalberg and Liszt in the method of playing theretofore prevalent, each innovation being the natural complement of the other. One thing is certain; namely, that, as far as the satisfactory rendering of chamber-music is concerned, the improvements achieved in the construction of pianofortes were productive of dire results. They overthrew the balance of power that had been established by the greatest composers of such music between certain stringed instruments and the pianoforte, imparting to—nay, almost enforcing upon the latter an undue and undesirable tone-predominance over the former. Admitting the exercise of an almost superhuman discretion, in connection with the use of the pedal or the employment of physical vigour, on the part of the contemporary pianist, the very instrument he plays upon incapacitates him from producing the effects, in connection with the violin or violoncello, that were contemplated by Beethoven, when he wrote his violin and pianoforte sonatas, or by Mozart whilst deftly fashioning seven of his admirable trios. The combinations of tone aimed at in the composition of these works were necessarily dependent upon the thin quality of the sound then yielded by the clavichord at the summons of a touch far lighter than that of the modern executant. Moreover, the tone of stringed instruments has lost, rather than gained, in force, owing to the heightening of concert pitch by nearly a semitone within the last half century—an innovation that has led to the employment of strings, for the *instruments à cordes*, slightly thinner than those in use at the time when Beethoven established his so-called "classical pitch." The pianoforte of to-day, therefore—chiefly by reason of its own increment of tone-power, and, in a lesser degree, through the loss of such power suffered by the stringed instruments—dominates its associates in chamber-music so considerably as to frustrate the arrangements of composite sound put together with such consummate skill by the paramount trinity of triowriters, Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn. The chamber-music of these great *maestri* is so enchantingly beautiful that its present rendering at the hands of our best executants fills us with profound and lively delight; but we never hear it as its composers meant it to be heard, nor ever shall, while Steinway and Chickering continue to rule the concert-room and sway the *salon*.

It was not until eight years had elapsed after I

quitted England, having accepted service under a foreign Government, that I fully realized the radical change that had meanwhile been taking place in pianoforte playing. I had passed the intervening time in more or less obscure country quarters—towns of the old world sort, in which pianism and pianists were socially at a discount, art-culture of any kind was undreamt of by the well-to-do-classes, and music was regarded as an accidental and unimportant relief to the monotony of every-day existence—a sort of frill, ornamental but frivolous, attached to the stiffly starched shirt-front of local society. In one of these retreats—a prosperous trading provincial centre—the only professional pianist was a crabbed elderly gentleman, who kept a small music shop, taught what he had been led to believe was the art of playing to a few dull children of unambitious *bourgeois* parents, and eked out his slender earnings by periodically tuning two or three score instruments, by courtesy styled pianofortes, of the sort which breed grave doubts in the mind of the sensitive musician whether the invention of the clavichord should be appraised as a blessing or curse to mankind. When any transitory executant star of from the seventh to the fifteenth magnitude condescended to shed a passing ray upon C—, this sour old fellow, being the unique musical institution of his native place, always contrived to get himself "called in" by the authorities as a professional adviser with respect to the arrangement of a concert programme, in which the *bénéficiaire* of the moment sometimes permitted him to figure as a P. F. soloist; and although the deeds he did upon these occasions had as little in common with pianoforte playing, from an artistic point of view, as screeving has with painting or a Catnach ballad with poetry, they were always sympathetically greeted by audiences familiar with his incapacities "as long as they remembered anything," and who experienced the same sort of passive regard for him that they felt for the town-pump, the discordant peal of bells in the tower of their grey old church, or the licensed municipal idiot—a more popular person on the whole, I incline to believe, among his fellow townsmen, than their "only jig-maker." I may parenthetically remark that I incurred the latter's high displeasure shortly after my arrival at C— by getting up a social agitation in favour of founding a Musical Association and by volunteering to play in public two or three times for the benefit of local charities. With the Association—which took root and flourished exceedingly for some years—he scornfully refused to have anything to do, although courteously solicited to assist in its organisation; and of my performances on the pianoforte he spoke in terms which they very probably merited, but which were certainly the reverse of complimentary. Poor old W—! the easiest of Mendelssohn's P. F. works were far beyond his powers—Beethoven was but a name to him, and of Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, I verily believe he had never heard. Brimful of the romantic school as I was at that time, I must have been a terrible thorn in his side; and I well

remember how, whenever he encountered me by chance in concert-room or street, he would conspicuously look another way with an indignant sniff, muttering protests against my existence in language which can scarcely have promoted the welfare of his immortal part. My sojourn at C—unsettled the established order of things upon which his psychical equilibrium had hitherto been kept up, and, as I have since regretfully learnt, he did not long survive my departure from that town, in which, to his apprehensions, I had represented the spirit of revolution and promulgated the doctrines of anarchy. Peace be to his manes!

My next abiding-place was Vienna, whither I was sent on a special mission in the early spring of 1865. There the new school of pianoforte-playing revealed itself to me in its full force and eager striving after variety of tone-colour. Soon after I had settled down in the Kaiserstadt, fully believing that I should live the remainder of my days within its precincts, I became an assiduous frequenter of public and private musical entertainments, and was most generously admitted to the penetralia of the chief Viennese musical organisations by the great artists who directed them. One of my early experiences of "virtuosity" on the piano, illustrating an aggravated phase of its novel departure, was gained at a *matinée* given in a concert-room attached to the Imperial Palace by the Chevalier Antoine de Kontski, surnamed by his admiring countrymen "The Lion of Poland." This title of honour, I am bound to say, was not altogether lacking in appropriateness; indeed it was to a considerable extent justified by his method of dealing with any luckless instrument that fell into his hands professionally. Thus might a vivacious monarch of the desert, with spirits unsubdued and sinews unrelaxed by bondage, play on or with the pianoforte, if that way disposed by nature or accidental impulse. Blows from a playful leonine paw could scarcely, I should think, strike a larger number of notes simultaneously or with greater force of impact than did the vigorous hands of the Sarmatian Lion to whom I listened nearly twenty years ago, for the first time, in a daze of mingled wonder and consternation. One of the pieces he played on the occasion referred to, I remember, had been intitled in such sort as to explain its special function and aim with laudable directness. It was called "*Le Réveil de la Pologne*," and was eminently qualified, as rendered by M. de Kontski, to wake the dead, let alone slothful patriots of the Polish or any other persuasion. An eminent Viennese critic wrote a panic-stricken notice of the *matinée* alluded to, on the morrow of the performance, concluding his remarks with the following impressive words: "From battle, murder, and sudden death, and from the Lion of Poland's pianoforte-playing, good Lord, deliver us!"

Shortly after the alarming experience above recorded, I was sent on a brief mission to Berlin, where a young Austrian diplomatist, himself an amateur pianist of the very first order, and one of Carl Tausig's favourite pupils, introduced me to that truly great teacher and executant; then in the

zenith of his influence, which swayed the leading circles of musical society in the Prussian capital, even including the "advanced" clique that took its cue, in all questions connected with the divine art, from Frau von Schleinitz, the wife of the Minister of the Household—a lady of great musical attainments, who suffered no P. F. compositions save those of Liszt, and no "*réductions pour le piano*" of any works but Wagner's, to be played in her *salon*, the rendezvous every Tuesday evening of many distinguished professional and *dilettanti* musicians. Tausig was good enough to play to me several times, at his own apartments and in the Bechstein repository of pianofortes, where some of the finest instruments in Europe were always at the disposal of masters of the craft. But that his playing lacked inner warmth—whilst teeming with superficial fire and sparkle—I should incline to rank Tausig as one of the three greatest pianists to whose marvellous achievements I have ever listened; placing him immediately after Liszt, and just a little to the front of Rubinstein. His renderings, however—irreproachable in *technique*, *tempi*, and observance of the composer's markings—were so intrinsically chilly that they never attained the topmost heights of interpretative greatness. He seemed to me always to be playing critically, even when executing the most intricate passages at a speed I have never since heard equalled, save by Alfred Gruenfeld. When I say that he played his own compositions to perfection, and without apparent effort, any one acquainted with those formidable works will readily apprehend that his mastery over technical difficulties was absolute and exhaustive. His memory for details of emphasis and ornament expressed itself in a meticulous accuracy of reproduction that was positively aggravating, so much so that more than once, whilst listening to his photographic renderings of Bach and Scarlatti, I caught myself wishing that some momentary derangement would prompt him to take a liberty, however slight and venial, with the composer. But he never did, nor would he tolerate any "frivolities" of the kind—that was his term for what dear old Cipriani Potter used to call "the pardonable license of an intelligent interpreter"—in his pupils. It was not in Tausig's nature, though a more musical musician never lived than he, to play anything (including his own works) otherwise than he saw it in black and white. Far from disdaining "effects," even those of a sensational character, to the production of which the resources of the modern pianoforte lend themselves so temptingly, he was extraordinarily skilled in the achievement of such contrivances. But they had to be distinctly indicated by the composer; nothing would induce him to supply them on his own responsibility, no matter how forcibly they might be suggested by the character of the composition. As a necessary consequence of the almost painful conscientiousness by which he regulated his own unexceptionable playing, he was the severest of teachers, never obsequious, like Kullak, or pettish, like Taubert, but gravely and witheringly critical. Irony,

of a peculiarly saturnine and scathing sort, lurked in his admonitions and imparted a stinging smart to his reproofs. On one occasion, when he acceded to my request that I might be present whilst he was giving class-lessons to a few of his advanced pupils of both sexes, I saw one or two young pianists of high merit—at least, from my point of view—actually wince under the lash of his solemn, unimpassioned satire. Yet all his acolytes loved him, for he was in reality the most amiable of men and kindest of masters, indefatigable in his endeavours to stimulate the sluggish, encourage the nervous, and develope special capacities in the intelligent. He would not have anything to do with unmusical natures. As soon as he convinced himself that any one of his pupils was really deficient in musicality he gave that pupil up, on the ground that he (Tausig) could not consent to receive remuneration for an undertaking he felt himself unequal to. But where he happened to light upon genuine talent allied with poverty—too often the case in North Germany, where the average of well-being amongst the highly educated classes is much lower than in this country—he would bestow the utmost pains upon gratuitous instruction and even supply out of his own pocket the means of living, whilst pursuing their studies, to his more indigent *alumni*. In private life he was a delightful companion to those privileged to enjoy his intimacy; for his memory was richly stored with anecdote, and his powers of narration were of no ordinary calibre. Being the soul of honour, truth, and uprightness, everything vulgar or trivial was repugnant to him, and licensed jesters, renowned for the salacious coarseness that so strongly flavours German conversational humour, curbed their tongues in his presence. In a word, Tausig was one of the elect of mankind. He did great good whilst he lived, and his premature death was a heavy, I might almost venture to say an irreparable loss to the modern school of pianoforte playing, upon which his inflexible sobriety of method exercised a restraining and most salutary influence. Reverting for a moment to his characteristics as a performer, I may add that he produced a broader tone than any other Berlin pianist of his day—that his lightness of touch in rendering the fanciful and elaborate ornamentations of Chopin and Liszt was simply exquisite, and that he was especially remarkable for the *verve* and *ton* with which he executed those amazing *tours de force*, invented by himself as well as by the mighty Hungarian ecclesiastic, which are the terror of ninety-nine expert pianists in every hundred. No one who ever listened to his feats in this direction will be likely to forget what a wealth of sound and complexity of combinations his deft fingers extracted from the key-board. In him were combined the more salient excellencies of the old and new schools of pianism. It is pleasant to know that his admirable method has been faithfully adhered to by a few of his surviving pupils, amongst whom may be reckoned some of the most distinguished musicians of Northern Germany.

WM. BEATTY-KINGSTON.

THE OPERA AND ITS ORIGIN.

THE history of the opera is being continued from day to day. Among the subscribers to this journal are some who compose operas, several who sing in them, a few who are engaged in producing them, others, again, who record the success or non-success with which they are brought out and give their reasons for approving or disapproving the verdict of the public. There are a good many no doubt who, leaving the artistic question on one side, look upon the opera only as an agreeable and more or less fashionable entertainment; for of late years it has lost its exclusively fashionable character to appeal to a much wider public than it appealed to before.

Probably too there are a certain number who never go to the opera at all, and perhaps one or two who would not do so except under compulsion. How, then, are these various classes to be addressed so that there may be at least a chance of, in some measure, interesting them all; from those who not only understand operatic history but have themselves taken part in making it, to those who have never in any way occupied themselves with the matter. In this dilemma I propose to follow the example of an esteemed friend of mine, a gentleman of high aspirations but neglected education, who once resolved to deliver a lecture on Pope and who knew far less of his subject than I do of mine; for his ignorance of Pope and all that concerned Pope was absolute, whereas mine in regard to the opera is only relative. Some of my possible readers know a great deal more about the opera than I do, others know considerably less; and since everyone who wishes to succeed must aim at some particular mark, it may be convenient to assume that everyone knows a little about the opera and no one much. Without finding it necessary to imitate my friend the lecturer on Pope, who bought a life of Pope at a secondhand bookstall half-an-hour before the lecture was to be given, and by the way, throughout the lecture called Pope "Pop," the "Dunciad" the "Dunkiad," and Colley Cibber "Coley Ciber"—I will, like him, assume that the subject I am about to treat is unfamiliar, if not wholly unknown, to everyone but myself.

Antiquarians bent on proving everything to be older than it really is have discovered the origin of the drama in the Song of Solomon. In its original form this work does really consist of lyrical dialogues. But there is no sound reason for believing that it was ever set to music. Solomon and his attractive surroundings have engaged the attention of more than one distinguished composer, including in our own day Gounod and Goldmark. But in spite of his wisdom, or, perhaps, in consequence of it, he never composed an opera. Others trace back the opera in a by no means direct line to the Greek plays, now remembered solely by what musicians call the "Words." According to another view the opera proceeds from the sacred plays of the 15th and 16th centuries, as the modern drama proceeds from the so-called "Mysteries." The

masques of Queen Elizabeth's time had certainly some of the characteristics of spectacular opera. In reality, the opera or drama in music is not by any means an ancient form of art; and the musical masques, mysteries, and lyrical plays which were partly declaimed, partly sung, and always by the solo voice, bore but little resemblance to the grand operas of the present day, with their airs, duets, concerted pieces, and elaborate dramatic finales. Of course, too, the sacred musical plays of three and four centuries ago differed from our modern operas in their subjects. A primitive sort of opera on the subject of the conversion of St. Paul, which was performed throughout in music at Rome in 1440, is not the sort of work that would interest modern audiences, who prefer operas in which a leading part is given to the *prima donna*—herself a modern creation—and who have no objection to the *prima donna's* representing a thoroughly mundane character, such as the sentimental, heartbroken Violetta, dying of love; or the vivacious, heartless Carmen, provoking her lover till he kills her.

Putting aside masques, mysteries, the Greek plays, and the Song of Solomon, it is beyond doubt that the earliest specimens of what is now called opera were artificially produced, and, so to say, made to order by Italian potentates and magnates in search of a new artistic enjoyment, and intent on perfecting a new form of Italian drama, resembling in character the Greek plays. The drama was started by Thespis in a cart. The opera, on the other hand, was founded by Popes, Cardinals, and Kings. The first operatic libretto, that of Poliziano's *Orfeo*, was the work of Cardinal Riario, nephew of Sextus 4th; and Pope Clement 9th was the author of no less than seven libretti. The subject of Orpheus, alike lyrical and dramatic, has been a favourite one with composers for the last four centuries, from Poliziano, who produced his *Orfeo* at Rome, in 1480, up to Gluck, three centuries later; and from Gluck down to Offenbach in the present day. But the work brought out four hundred years ago at Rome bore little resemblance, in a musical point of view, to modern opera. Early, however, in the 17th century, in 1608, the favourite subject of Orpheus was treated by Monteverde; who, besides introducing the modern scale and giving new development to the harmonic system of his predecessors, assigned far greater importance in his operas to the accompaniments, and increased greatly both the number and variety of the instruments in the orchestra. Monteverde, who employs every kind of instrument known in his time, announced the entry and re-entry of each personage in his operas by a distinctive combination of instruments: a dramatic means made use of long afterwards by Hoffmann—better known by his fantastic tales than by his opera of *Undine*—and at a later period, with more system and greater elaboration, by Wagner. Monteverde's *Orfeo* was brought out at the Court of Mantua, possibly under the direction of the gallant but dissolute Duke of Mantua, whom Mario used to impersonate so admirably in *Rigoletto*. In this work, apart from the combinations which announced

the entry and re-entry of each character, the bass-viol accompanied Orpheus, the viols Eurydice, the trombones Pluto, the organs Apollo, while Charon sang to the accompaniment of that sentimental instrument the guitar. Monteverde, the real founder of opera in something like its present form, produced a number of works at Venice, until the fame of the Venetian operas spread throughout Italy. From Italy the new entertainment was introduced into France, where it is generally believed to have been naturalized by the Italian scullion and violinist, Lulli, though the honour may be more justly claimed for Cardinal Mazarin or Mazarini. Remembering Cardinal Manning's dictum that theatrical entertainments "from the Italian opera to the penny gaff form one long devil's chain," it is interesting to know that opera was deliberately invented in Italy by a pope surrounded by his cardinals, while the first opera brought out in France in the French language, *Akbar, King of Mogul*, was the work of an abbé, Mailly by name, who like Wagner and the Italian composer, Boito, of the present day, wrote both the words and the music of his operas. The second French opera, on the subject of *Ariadne*, was composed by Cambert, the musician who was afterwards driven from France by the intrigues of Lulli and came to England, where he produced his *Ariadne* in English. Cambert was not the first musician who brought out operas in England, but he was the first who produced operas and directed operatic representations regularly and continuously.

Opera in the meanwhile had been introduced into England, in direct imitation of the Italian representations, by Sir William Davenent, who, according to some authorities, and indeed according to himself, though his evidence on such a point cannot well be accepted, was the son of Shakespeare. The so-called opera of the *Siege of Rhodes*, produced by Sir William Davenent in the dark days—dark, at least, in an artistic sense—of the Commonwealth, seems to have been merely a play with a good number of songs and choruses introduced. These songs were the work of Henry Lawes, the famous composer of the music to Milton's *Comus*. Opera, it may here be explained, was tolerated in England at a time when all other forms of the drama were proscribed, because, as the chronicler Antony à Wood gravely sets forth, "being in an unknown language, it could not corrupt the morals of the people."

Music is no longer an unknown language. Indeed the simple fact of a drama being performed in music widens its sphere of intelligibility and places it within the comprehension of persons of various countries, speaking various tongues. It is the most cosmopolitan entertainment ever invented, and for that reason admirably suited to the wants of the age. Singers frequently do their best to render it more unintelligible than it need be, and librettists often give them powerful aid towards that end by furnishing them with words which it is nearly impossible to sing. An opera, however, may be perfectly intelligible as to its general meaning

without the words being heard at all. Indeed, those who are over careful as to the precise signification of the words of an opera do not, as a rule, care for the music. They are like those lovers of pictures who think more of the subject or story of a picture than of its presentment and general execution.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

DR. LENNOX BROWNE has printed the able lecture he delivered a few weeks ago at a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts. This interesting discourse upon the human voice, how to use it, and how not to abuse it, now appears in the form of a pamphlet, under the title of "Science and Singing." It exposes the fallacies of unscientific teaching, sets forth the advantages of laryngoscopic observation, explains the mechanical and chemical aspects of breathing, as well as the effects of poisonous air upon the voice, confutes the theory of Italian vocal supremacy, and demonstrates the inutility of artificial "voice-mixtures." The valuable information with which its pages teem is liberally interspersed with amusing anecdotes, which render this well-written *brochure* as entertaining as it is instructive. To vocalists of all categories it will be especially welcome as a supplement to "Voice, Song, and Speech," Messrs. Browne and Behnke's admirable guide for singers and speakers, to which we called attention at the time of its publication.

THE Church of England, as well as the Directors of Concerts, now observes Lent and Holy Week in an edifying manner. Bach's "Passion Music" has been repeatedly performed on weekly occasions at St. Ann's, Soho; and on Good Friday afternoon the rector of Brompton, the Rev. W. Covington, organised a performance in his own church of numerous extracts from Spohr's oratorio *Calvary*. To criticise music done in a church would be a flagrant act of indecorum; but "rumour," with no lying tongue, may report the result of Mr. Covington's bold experiment with satisfaction. A surprised choir, assisted by accomplished amateur soloists, bore the burden of the day, and a select band, with funereal double drum, did duty in the chancel. The church was quite full. Spohr's *Calvary*, thanks to Puritanical prejudice, is rarely heard. An impressive performance of the work at the Norwich Festival of October, 1845, is, however, still remembered. Spohr's last oratorio, *The Fall of Babylon*, first saw the light at Norwich at the Festival of 1842, when Edward Taylor conducted. It is a shorter work than the other two oratorios, and was well done at Bristol, under Charles Hallé, in October, 1876.

The Musical Standard discusses the difference between a "Glee" and a "Madrigal." The derivation of the word "Madrigal" is uncertain, although some connexion with the Virgin Mary has often been suggested. The Madrigal is a mere contrapuntal form of vocal part-writing, and exacts "scientific imitation." The glee approximates more to the "Part Song," but Webbe's "When winds breathe soft," is intensely dramatic. The "catch," however comical, borders on vulgarity. Some of these are very good, as, "Mr. Speaker, though 'tis late," and "Ha, Sophia" ("House o' fire"). When Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was Speaker, he hired a company of vocalists to sing at one of his Wednesday receptions. Francis, a Vicar Choral of St. Paul's, conducted the choir, and at the end of the evening advanced in force to salute "Mr. Speaker"

with the old glee. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre was in convulsions of laughter with the rest of the company.

ABOUT 30 years ago, Francis, and other respectable "cathedral," singing persons were often engaged at City dinners, held at the old London taverns. But rivals entered the field, and offered their services at a lower figure. Poor Francis was exasperated at this "squeeze for survival of the fittest," and used contemptuously to speak of "Mr. George and his guinea-pig lot." The Vicar Choral and his fellows would not have deigned to sing under a five-pound note each at least. The "Choral Harmonists" used to perform Masses at the London Tavern up to 1849 or 1850, but after a time failed. Henry Westrop conducted these concerts latterly. They were first established, principally for Mass music, in the year 1831 or 1832.

A GERMAN version of Dr. Villiers Stanford's grand opera *Savonarola* was produced on Saturday, February 19, at the Hamburg Stadttheater, upon the occasion of Kapellmeister Joseph Sucher's benefit, and, according to the unanimous verdict of the local musical critics, with extraordinary success. It would appear that the "Vorspiel" and first act were regarded as dramatically impressive in the highest degree, and that the striking musical effects achieved in the last act wrought up the audience to an unusually high pitch of enthusiasm. The opera was admirably cast; Rosa Sucher, the first of German dramatic *prime donne*, assuming the characters of Clarice in the prologue, and Francesca in the remaining acts of the work. Dr. Stanford may esteem himself fortunate that his heroine was impersonated for the first time on the German stage by so accomplished a vocalist, intelligent an actress and beautiful a woman as Frau Sucher, whose renderings of Isolde, Eva and Euryanthe at Drury Lane, two years ago, were memorable revelations to the London musical public. Ernst, the graceful lyric tenor of the Berlin Hofoper, sustained the part of Savonarola with his customary efficiency; Landau, whose high and well-trained voice (of the "florid tenor" category) was heard to so much advantage in the difficult part of David (Meister-singer) at Old Drury, and Dr. Krauss, whose manly and spirited singing of Wagnerian bass parts made such a favourable impression here throughout the German opera season above alluded to, proved unexceptionable representatives of our gifted countryman's creations, Sebastiano and Rucello. Of the Stadttheater orchestra, Hamburg is justly proud, for the Fatherland contains no finer body of executants; and, by its magnificent rendering of Dr. Stanford's difficult score, it more than maintained its high reputation, eliciting successive outbursts of applause from an audience which, as a rule, is one of the most undemonstrative in Germany. Similar honours were accorded to the chorus, a special feature of the fine performances for which the Stadttheater has become celebrated under Pollini's management. The composer, "principals" and conductor were called before the curtain at the close of each act, and at the end of the opera received ample tribute of flowers and wreaths, in recognition of their great artistic deserts. *Savonarola* is the third opera of English origin produced on German boards within a twelve-month, and, like its predecessors, *Colomba* and *Esmeralda*, has achieved an indisputable triumph. Who shall venture, in the face of this significant fact, to say that the English are not a musical nation? We pause for a reply, and hope, in the interest of veracity, to continue pausing for an indefinite period of time.

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SEASON 1884.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters connected with the literary department of this
 Journal must be addressed to the EDITOR.

Communications intended for insertion will receive no notice
 unless accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

The EDITOR cannot undertake to return articles of which
 he is unable to make use.

All business letters should be addressed to the PUBLISHERS.

Advertisements should reach the Office not later than the
 20th in order to insure insertion in the issue of the month
 current.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

For important reasons of a business nature
 the Proprietors of "The Lute" find it expedient
 to issue their Journal on the FIRST
 instead of the 15th of each month.

**THE LUTE.**

LONDON, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1884.

MUSIC À LA MODE.

At the first concert of the Bach Society for
 the present season, a fine Mass of the famous Pales-
 trina, *Assumpta est Maria*, was performed by Mr.
 Otto Goldschmidt, and the "Book" informed the
 unlearned reader that the music was written in the
 "Mixo-Lydian" Mode. The second part of the
 Concert began with a 5-part Madrigal by Mr. W. S.
 Rockstro, written in another "Mode" called the
 "Hypo-Ionian." Our contemporary, the *Musical*
Standard, in a notice of this Bach Concert, refers to
 a very interesting Manual on the subject, written,
 some 40 years ago, by the late Charles Child Spencer,
 an organist and professor of Hackney, and explains,
 as a matter of fact, that both these Modes, the

"COME, THOU HOLY SPIRIT."

Anthem

FOR *WHITSUNTIDE.

For Soprano Solo and Chorus.

Composed by

JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT.

LONDON:

PATEY & WILLIS. 44. GT MARLBOROUGH ST. W.

Andante sostenuto. *p poco ad lib.*

SOLO SOPRANO.

R.H.

Come, Thou Ho-ly Spirit, come;

ORGAN.

L.H. Swell Diap.

colla voce.

Without Pedals.

dim.

And from thy celestial home Shed a ray of light Divine, of light.... Di-

Moderato con moto.

- vine

add Oboe. Princ & Double Diap.

cres.

Pedal 16 ft.

* THIS ANTHEM CAN ALSO BE USED ON OTHER SUNDAYS.

CHORUS.

p sostenuto.

SOPRANO. Come Thou Ho-ly Spirit, come; And from Thy ce- - lestial home,

p sostenuto.

ALTO. Come Thou Ho-ly Spirit, come; And from Thy ce- - lestial home,

p sostenuto.

TENOR. Come Thou Ho-ly, Ho-ly Spi - - - rit, come,

p sostenuto.

BASS. Come Thou Ho-ly, Ho-ly Spi - - - rit, come,

p sostenuto.

ORGAN.

dim.

Shed a ray of light Di - vine of light Di - - vine; ..

dim.

Shed a ray of light Di - vine of light Di - - vine; ..

dim.

Shed a ray of light of light Di - - vine; ..

dim.

Shed a ray of light of light Di - - vine; ..

dim.

cres. *più cres.*

Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor, Come, Thou source of all our store,

cres. *più cres.*

Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor, Come, Thou source of all our store,

cres.

Thou Fa - ther of the poor.. Thou source of

cres.

Thou Fa - ther of the poor.. Thou source of

cres.

dim. *p*

Come with - in our bosoms shine,.. Thou Ho - ly Spi - rit come.

dim. *p*

Come with - in our bosoms shine,.. Thou Ho - ly Spirit come.

dim. *p*

all our store, Come Thou Ho - - - ly Spi - rit come.....

dim. *p*

all our store, Come Thou Ho - - - ly Spi - rit come.....

dim. *p*

Gt. Diap: *dim.* *p* *Swell.*

SOLO SOPP *cres.*

Solo stop. Thou of Com - for - ters the best, *esp.* Thou the soul's most

poco riten. *p a tempo.*

welcome guest, Sweet refreshment here be - low; In our labour rest most sweet,

colla voce. *a tempo.*

cres.

Grateful coolness in the heat, Solace in the midst of woe...

CHORUS. *pp sostenuto.*

O most Blessed Light Divine, Shine with - in these hearts of Thine,

pp sostenuto.

O most Blessed Light Divine, Shine with - in these hearts of Thine,

pp sostenuto.

O most Bles - - - sed Light Di - vine,

pp sostenuto.

O most Bles - - - sed Light Di - vine,

pp sostenuto.

cres. *dim.* *p*

O most Blessed Light Di - vine Shine within these

cres. *dim.* *p*

O most Bles - - - - - sed Light Shine with -

cres. *dim.* *p*

O most Blessed Light Di - vine Shine within these

cres. *dim.* *p*

O most Bles - - - - - sed Light Di - vine

cres. *f*

hearts of Thine, And our inmost be - ings fill; Where Thou art not

cres. *f*

in these hearts with - in these hearts; Where Thou art not

cres. *f*

hearts of Thine, And our inmost be - ings fill; Where Thou art not

cres. *f*

O Blessed Light Where Thou art not man hath

cres. *L.H.* *f* *Gt. to Princ.*

cres.

man hath nought, Nothing good in deed or thought, No - - - thing free from

cres.

man hath nought, Nothing good in deed or thought, No - - - thing free from

cres.

man hath nought, Nothing good in deed or thought, No - - - thing free from

cres.

nought, Nothing good in deed or thought, No - - - thing free from

cres.

taint of ill. Heal our wounds; our strength renew;

taint of ill.

taint of ill.

taint of ill.

f p Swell or Choir Diap.

cres. *fagitato.*

On our dryness pour Thy dew; Wash the stains of guilt away:

(Without Pedals.)

CHORUS.

Bend the stubborn heart and will; Melt the frozen, warm the chill; Guide

Bend the stubborn heart and will; Melt the frozen, warm the chill; Guide

Bend the stubborn heart and will; Melt the frozen, warm the chill;

Bend the stubborn heart and will; Melt the frozen, warm the chill; Guide the steps,

Gt. Diap. Swell.

(Pedals 16 ft.)

SOLO SOPRANO.

Bend the stubborn heart and will; Melt the frozen, warm the chill;

dim. *pp* . . . the steps that go a - stray, that go a -

dim. *pp* . . . the steps that go a - stray, . . the steps that go a -

Bend the stubborn heart and will; Melt the frozen,

dim. *pp* the steps that go a - stray

Guide.... the steps.... that go..... a - stray. *cres.*

- stray.....

- stray..... that go..... a - stray. *cres.*

warm..... the chill.... *cres.*

Guide..... the steps.... that go..... a -

cres.

SOLO SOPRANO WITH CHORUS.

mf sostenuto.

On the faithful, who a_dore, And confess Thee, ev_ermore In Thy se -

mf sostenuto.

On the faithful, who a_dore, And confess Thee, ev_ermore In Thy se -

mf sostenuto.

On the faithful, who a_dore, And confess Thee, ev_ermore In Thy se -

mf sostenuto.

- stray. Come.... Thou Ho_ly Spirit come, In Thy se - - -

Gt. Diap. *mf*

dim. *cres.*
 - ven-fold... gifts de-scend: Give them virtue's sure reward,
dim. *cres.*
 - venfold gifts de-scend: Give them virtue's sure reward,
dim. *cres.*
 - ven-fold... gifts de-scend: Give them virtue's sure reward,
dim. *cres.*
 - venfold gifts de-scend: Thou Holy Spi-rit, Thou Holy

più cres.
 Give them Thy sal-va-tion, Lord, Give them joys that never end.... that never
più cres.
 Give them Thy sal-va-tion, Lord, Give them joys that never end.... that never
più cres.
 Give them Thy sal-va-tion, Lord, Give them joys that never end.... that never
più cres.
 Spi-rit come, Thou Ho-ly Spi-rit, Give them joys that ne - - - - ver

più cres.
 add Princ. *f* add 15 ft.

cres.
 end, Give them joys that never end, Give them
cres.
 end, Give them joys... that never end, Give them joys, Give them
cres.
 end, Give them joys that ne - - - ver end, Give them
cres.
 end, Give them joys that never end, Give them

SOLO SOP?
 joys . . . that ne - ver end. Give them
 joys . . . that ne - ver end.
 joys . . . that ne - ver end.
 joys . . . that ne - ver end.
 joys . . . that ne - ver end.
Swell. *Solo Stop.*
Choir.

mf
 vir - - - tue's sure reward, Give them Thy sal - va - tion, Lord,
p
 (Without Pedals)

Give them joys that ne-ver end,... that ne-ver end....

f Gt. full without Reed.

SOLO SOPRANO
WITH CHORUS.

ff Give them Thy sal - va - tion, Lord, give them joys that ne - ver end,

ff Give them Thy sal - va - tion, Lord, give them joys that ne - ver end,

ff Give them Thy sal - va - tion, Lord, give them joys that ne - ver end,

ff Give them Thy sal - va - tion, Lord, give them joys that ne - ver end,

With Pedals.

cres. ... that ne-ver end,.... Lord give.... them joys..... that

cres. ... that ne-ver end,.... Lord give.... them joys..... that

cres. Give..... them joys,.... Lord give.... them joys..... that

cres. Give..... them joys,.... Lord give.... them joys..... that

cres.

ne - ver end, that ne - - - ver end.

cres.

ne - ver end, that ne - - - ver end.

cres.

ne - ver end, that ne - - - ver end.

cres.

ne - ver end, that ne - - - ver end.

cres.

ff

A - - - - - men

ff

A - - - - - men

ff

A - - - - - men

ff

A - - - - - men

ff add Reeds.

riten.

"Mixo-
tical :
G major
in one
"Lydi-
as the
fied M
exemp
forte,
ignore
fining
keyboa
please
capric
It is ol
diaton
altere
the "k
any F
and se
imper
minor)
and D
really
So
scales,
use,"
esteem
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be ra
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"Mixo-Lydian" and the "Hypo-Ionian" are identical: their peculiarity is this, that in the scale of G major (G to G) there is no F sharp. So Beethoven, in one of the "Posthumus" string quartets, uses a "Lydian" Mode, the scale of F, without the B flat as the fourth interval. The matter may be simplified by quoting Mr. Brinley Richards's curt exemplification of these Modes. Take the piano-forte, says Mr. Richards in a learned lecture, and ignore all the black (or ebony) notes. Then, confining yourself exclusively to the white, or ivory, keyboard, you may form your octave scale as you please; beginning, according to design or mere caprice, with A, B, C, D, E, F, or G—all natural. It is obvious that the regular intervals of our present diatonic scale will, by this process, be materially altered, except in the single case of C major. Thus, the "key" of F will be without its B flat; G, without any F sharp; A (here *minor*) will have a flat sixth and seventh; B (also *minor*), a minor second, an imperfect fifth, and a minor seventh; E (again *minor*) is analogous to A, in respect of intervals; and D will be, without its F sharp and C sharp, really D *minor*, with a flat seventh.

So much for the bare facts of the "Modal" scales, and now for the question of their "value in use," as write the Political Economists. The esteemed editor of LUTE expressed to me a fear that a paper on such a subject as the Modes might be rather dry; but without, in a musical or any other sense, "Wetting my whistle," I will endeavour to steer clear of Sahara's sandy desert and to speak not only clearly, but agreeably. The question is really a practical one. The controversy about the so-called "Church," or "Gregorian" Modes still furiously rages. The musical world is divided into two hostile armies. The supporters of the ancient tones, fierce and fanatical, cry out, as Voltaire wrote on the margin of Racine's plays, that they are "*beaux, pathétiques, harmonieux, sublimes.*" The adverse party sternly repudiate scales which differ so essentially from modern forms and "conditions" of thought; while many think that the "tones" are odd, and some denounce them as positively ugly. What, then, shall we say to these things?

The truth probably lies, as ever the case, between the two extremes. For my own part—not to maintain an attitude of pusillanimous neutrality—I am inclined to make the following deliverance on music à la Mode. I think that the use of these Modes ought to be very exceptional, and of course strictly confined to the services of the Church. The effect of too many "Gregorian" chants is very monotonous, and I never could bear those endings on the sub-dominant, or fourth of the scale, and, still worse, the supertonic! They do sound odd and perhaps ugly. Then what of the harmonies? Here, as Hamlet says, comes the "rub," and here Charles Child Spencer saw his chance and won his gilt spurs. We all know the bold, not to say grand effect produced in the Creed by accompanying the monotone (or one reciting note) used by the congregation with at least half-a-dozen different

modern harmonies; tonic, dominant, diminished seventh, chord of the "second," chord of the extreme sharp sixth, and so on, as may be and is done by the organist, whilst the voices adhere to their C (or G) natural. Spencer went beyond this, and boasted that he had discovered, or at least invented, peculiar and appropriate harmonies to fit these old "church Modes;" harmonies admittedly unknown to ordinary professors of music, who gave up the "Modes" mainly on this ground—that they could not be accompanied according to the exigencies of the modern system. I have Spencer's Manual in my library, and it is a curiosity of patient research. "This, then," he used to cry with enthusiasm—(an "agnostic" too)—"is what the old monks used to do; glorious and sublime!" And I am bound to testify, from personal experience, that poor Spencer did produce, on his small organ at St. James's, Clapton, tremendously fine, solemn, always impressive, and really "religious" effects, by means of the recondite harmonic progressions used to accompany the various "Modes." The question remains open whether, with our excellent established system of harmony and our glorious extant compositions for the Anglican Cathedral Churches, it is worth while to study and to master an entirely new art; and I, for one, decline the undertaking. *Contentus—non parvo, sed cornucopiâ divitiarum!* Spencer worked like a galley-slave at his new harmonic system; he learned German in order to read some old books on the subject of the "Modes" in that language, and it was said of him, a deep mathematician as well as a learned musician, that a dipping into the "Differential Calculus" at night, after hard toil all day, was a sort of moral, or intellectual, dose of brandy and water!

I would say, to sum up these few remarks: let us preserve and make the most of our existing resources, and keep the ancient "Modes" for particular use, on special occasions, great Festivals, solemn declarations of our faith in the Creeds, "high days and holydays." I must ask the public, moreover, as a lover of precision in all things, not to speak of these Modes as "Gregorian." They are not (*fundamentally*) Gregorian, or Ambrosian, or in any sense ecclesiastical, but ancient Greek. This truth is implied in the very names of the Modes, "Lydian," "Phrygian," Ionian, and the rest. A full account of this Greek music, such as it was, appears in the valuable "Dictionary" of technical terms, edited by Dr. Stainer and Mr. W. A. Barrett, of St. Paul's Cathedral. I fear that the article will prove Greek to a great majority, indeed quite as sore a *crux* as a "chorus" in the *Prometheus Vinculus* of Æschylus to a poor undergraduate "put on" to construe it at Responsions in the "schools" at Oxford, or at the "little-go" in the Senate House at Cambridge. There, however, is "the book before you set;" study it or leave it alone; but pray let us have no more about Gregory the Great as an *inventor*. An *adapter* is quite another thing; and to adapt good things, whether "treasures new or treasures old," is a great work of wisdom. "Prove all things," says

St. Paul, "hold fast that which is good." I shall be happy to read any suggestive letters or remarks on this vexed question. I am no pope, ecclesiastical, literary, or musical. I seek the truth alone.

ALFONSO MATTHEY.

CURIOSLY and sadly illustrative of the state of pecuniary embarrassment—sometimes nearly approaching destitution—in which the late Richard Wagner was constrained to live during the earlier years of his career as an operatic composer, is a letter written by him forty-one years ago to a Herr Morath, at that time engaged as contra-bassist in the orchestra of the Magdeburg Stadttheater. Wagner, whilst sojourning at Magdeburg, had become indebted to Morath in a sum that was no doubt considerable, at that time, to debtor and creditor alike. The latter eked out the modest wages allotted in the year 1840 to a double-bass player in a provincial German opera-house by copying music, in which occupation he had so distinguished himself by correctness and legibility as to have gained a reputation in musical circles, even beyond the walls of Magdeburg city, that kept him in full and tolerably remunerative employment. As it would appear, he copied out a great deal of manuscript for Wagner, for which service the Saxon maestro, then passing through an especially dismal phase of his unappreciated period, was unable to pay the appointed price, or any part of it, and remained so for many months after he had ceased to reside in Magdeburg. It was from Dresden, on January 4, 1843, that Wagner addressed to his patient and long suffering creditor the following characteristic letter, which has been published for the first time very recently, and is at present in the possession of Jules Bernhardt Schroeder, the well-known Magdeburg pianoforte dealer:—"My best Herr Morath,—I have made you wait a long time, and I must confess that it has pained me in my innermost heart whenever I have thought about you, and yet have found myself so situated that it was absolutely out of my power to pay you. It is only by means of the heaviest sacrifices imaginable that I have been able to open out to myself my present improved prospects; I have been compelled to endure all manner of want and privations in order not to succumb completely. Even now, as far as my external conditions are concerned, I have by no means attained my goal; for my earnings are so small as to be scarcely worth mentioning. However, God will help me on my way; and I will commence, at least, an endeavour to right myself with you, for you have done me good service and ever treated me with all possible consideration. Besides, of all my creditors, assuredly none needs money more urgently than yourself. Pray, therefore, accept herewith the thirty-five thalers you asked for in your last letter. If I can ever serve you in any way, believe me I shall do so with the best will in the world. Receive my heartiest thanks for all your kindness, and the assurance of my profoundest respect.—Your most obedient, RICHARD WAGNER." That, in his own great need, he should have mustered up resolution enough to discharge—who knows at what painful inconvenience to himself?—a part of an old-standing obligation to a man in humble circumstances who had first trusted him and then had the magnanimity not to dun him, is a fact sufficiently proving of itself that, under the surface ruggedness of Wagner's character lay rich strata of conscientiousness, honour, gratitude, and loving human kindness.

WRITERS who turn to music for illustrations ought to be careful not to mistake fourths for fifths. They would do well to avoid technicalities altogether. But if they must, in a very small way, show learning, let them at least be accurate in their manner of displaying it. A writer in the *Academy* having by some process of mental confusion persuaded himself that in the harmony of the universe inorganic matter is as the bass note of a common chord, with the vegetable world for its third, the animal world for its fifth, and man for the octave, sets forth this undigested and indigestible idea in the following manner:—"Man," he says, "is the microcosm. Animals and plants are the descending fifth and that of man, the inorganic, the lower octave." This occurs in a review of Schopenhauer's "World as Will and Idea,"—evidently a perplexing work.

COLONEL MAPLESON, after being warned several times by the Police authorities at San Francisco not to block up the passages of the theatre with chairs and camp stools, was at last informed that if he persisted in doing so he would be arrested. He acquiesced in the propriety, abstractedly considered, of keeping the passages clear, and observed to the police-inspector who had called to remonstrate with him that there ought to be a law on the subject. "There is a law on the subject," said the inspector, "and you are breaking it." The gallant colonel explained that if he had unknowingly been guilty of any such infraction there was now at least an end to it, and that no more tickets should be sold. "They are selling them at this moment," said the inspector; and, on inquiry, it appeared that Colonel Mapleson's officials were really going through the form of taking money and giving tickets in exchange. After cautioning the manager on three separate occasions, the city magistrates came at last to the conclusion that the law and their own dignity demanded his arrest; and a warrant was accordingly issued for his apprehension. The colonel was sitting in his hotel, flanked on each side by substantial bail, when the constables arrived and exhibiting their warrant declared him to be their prisoner. At this critical moment no expression either of anger or of affection escaped the colonel's lips. Accompanied by the senator and the judge who were to bail him out he walked in custody of the police to the city prison, and after exchanging a few pleasant words with the official in charge was liberated on the recognisances of himself and friend.

ON being brought before the magistrates the offending manager would, according to the San Francisco papers, be sentenced to six months' imprisonment with the option of paying a five hundred dollar fine; and considering that the places on Patti nights were being sold at 20 dollars each it is evident that Mr. Mapleson could pay his fine many times over out of the money made by selling extra seats. Since his liberation from the hands of the police, Mr. Mapleson has executed a plan which, according to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, is "doubly pleasant to him." First, we are told, it completely breaks up speculation in tickets by the enterprising gentlemen known as "scalpers," who buy from the box-office at ordinary rates, to sell at extravagant prices at their own offices, and in the streets; and, secondly, it enriches the manager. The new plan, which is only a variation of an old one, consists in selling by auction the right of purchasing tickets at ordinary prices.

THE manner in which the sale of "premiums" was conducted is made the subject of a long

descriptive article in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The opera-house was the scene of operations; and there were at least a thousand people in the orchestra, parquet and dress-circle when the sale began. What is called the audience was composed of merchants and professional men, with a sprinkling of well-dressed young men of leisure. There was no one present on the other hand who could be recognised as belonging to the band of "sidewalk sharpers." It is pleasant to read that the auctioneer, before proceeding to work, placed his spectacles on the tip of his nose, that he afterwards unloosed his collar and that the collar, finding itself set at liberty "worked its way high up on his cheek." There was a red glow all the same on his "smiling face," and in opening the business of the day, he assured the assembly that the auction would be performed on the "dead square." He further announced that all the tickets sold would be for a series of four evening performances and one *matinée*, that the premium would have to be paid at once at his desk, and that an order would be given to the purchasers which would enable them to obtain their seats by paying the regular price at the box-office. After the boxes had all been disposed of, the auctioneer was proceeding to deal with the orchestra seats, which he proposed to sell in numerical order, when, as if to give variety, a sort of sporting interest, to the business, he was called upon to sell the first choice, a privilege which was ultimately knocked down for 10 dollars. It is amusing at the first glance, but sad when one reflects on it, to see how completely the San Francisco public is taken up with the money side of Mr. Mapleson's operatic enterprise. We are told in column after column of the thousand pounds a night paid to Mme. Patti, of the diamonds she has received from various crowned heads and the homage shown to her by the Empress of Russia (who is accused of having on one occasion made tea for her between the acts); of Mr. Mapleson's cleverness in defying the law against blocking up passages in theatres. But of Mme. Patti considered as an artist very little indeed is said; and the performers who sing in the same opera with her are scarcely even mentioned. What chiefly strikes the journalists, and, doubtless, also, the public in connection with Mme. Patti's performances, is the sum of money they represent, both before and behind the curtain. One article, which is intended to pass for a criticism, is headed in large characters, "Patti sings to a 25,000 dollar audience; the audience glad to have paid 20 dollars a head to hear her." At the bottom of all this expenditure in connection with Mme. Patti lies no doubt the fact that she is a great singer. But she is measured in San Francisco exclusively by the money she receives from the manager and the money she attracts to the theatre.

If Colonel Mapleson could be induced to publish a faithful record of his experiences during his American tour now on the point of being brought to an end, the book would possess wonderful anecdotal value. At San Francisco he told the interviewers who waited upon him neither his troubles nor his triumphs. These have been reserved for the reporters of New York. He discovered at one of the performances that forged tickets had been sold; and two seats in particular had been disposed of to half-a-dozen different persons. Finding it impossible to distinguish between the "bogus" tickets and the genuine ones, he took behind the scenes those whom it was impossible to accommodate in front of the house, and some

allowed themselves to be pacified by being permitted to stand near the entrance to Patti's dressing room, in order to see her as she left the stage. At one of the San Francisco performances the President of the Board of Trade is accused of having leapt out of his private box on to the stage in order to make a speech. After delivering his oration, the hon. gentleman "gave Arditi a fiddle, and Patti a silver cup with gold handles, whereupon, Patti sang 'Home Sweet Home,' and the audience responded with three cheers." The population of the city insisted on offering the opera company picnics and pleasure trips, and for this purpose provided carriages, tandems, three yachts, and a Pacific ocean steamer of two thousand tons burden, fully provisioned. Mr. Mapleson had not himself time to make pleasure trips; but he once drove out to see a marvellous house of white marble "reaching right up into the sky with no end of rooms and exotics and palm-trees, besides magnificent stables with a hundred thoroughbreds in them." On their way to San Francisco the opera company passed through "some place or other where the legislature was sitting." Mr. Mapleson was taken into the House of Assembly and introduced to the representatives of the people who on their side introduced him to an "enormous pile of cases of Pomery Sec, and all brands of cigars, and beautiful ham sandwiches," after which both Houses of legislature accompanied the opera company down the line, feasting and making speeches the whole way.

VOCALISTS do not, as a rule, sing for more than twenty minutes at a time. But Mme. Patti, while the train was traversing the Rocky Mountains, sang for five hours. "She sang old Irish and Welsh, and Russian folk songs, quaint and curiously plaintive melodies. Then she sang Offenbach, 'and,' said Mr. Mapleson, "'we all joined in the choruses, shouting at the top of our lungs, and feeling all the better for it.'" At one place, where the train was detained four hours by a land slide, Signor Nicolini delighted every one by "shying pebbles at empty champagne bottles." At every stoppage, Indians visited the train. Two of them came into the car, with a papoose about eight months old, and Patti, after singing to it and finding that the infant appreciated her efforts, wanted to buy it, but was unable to make the Indians understand her desire. But the sublimest sight of all was Galassi cooking sausages, and Arditi frying macaroni on the summit of the Rocky Mountains. "This," declared the enthusiastic manager, "was truly great."

ONE of the best stories in connection with the Californian trip was told by Mme. Gerster. Asked whether the musical taste of San Francisco was as cultivated as that of New York, she could make but one reply: "San Francisco," she said, "must be placed on the same level with New York and Philadelphia and higher than Chicago and Denver." The fault of the Denver people was, she said, that they were too clever. They would not believe that Mr. Mapleson's artists were the real persons until they had sung three times to half-empty houses. They thought Patti and Gerster were impostors, and only found out their mistake when the time for departure was at hand.

It is very difficult to prevent people from deceiving themselves. Mr. Mapleson seems, however, to have succeeded in preventing the sharpest of Americans from deceiving him. He admits that he was defrauded in the matter of "bogus" tickets, and he

has himself made known a curious device by which, after the sale of bogus tickets had been effectually stopped, a large number of persons contrived, on one occasion, to hear Patti for nothing. "They got the best of me once," he modestly observed. "They went up on the roof, took off some slate shingles, sawed a hole in the woodwork and let 160 people into the gallery free." How, in the first place, 160 enterprising people got to the roof is not explained.

"LAP ME IN SOFT ITALIAN AIR."

Voices by Contract.

Scene: Office of the Cosmopolitan Vocal Supply Association. The Managing Director, discovered, writing at table. A knock at door is heard.

MAN DIR.: Come in!

Enter JUVENILE ASPIRANT.

JU. AS.: I believe you supply voices?

MAN. DIR.: Certainly, sir! Every sort, from English to Italian, Italian to Patagonian, Patagonian to French.

JU. AS.: Well, I think I should prefer to be an English tenor, if the price is not too high.

MAN. DIR. (*Calling down pipe*): James, what are our present quotations for English?

JAMES (*Replying up pipe*): We can do Joseph Maas at a hundred pounds a cubic foot; Lloyd same price per gallon; Robust Reeves at a thousand pounds per hundred; inferior sorts in proportion.

JU. AS.: Dear me! I'm afraid that would come extremely expensive. How much of the air would it take to form a voice?

MAN. DIR.: That is merely a matter of constitution; but, persevered with, the air cannot possibly fail to produce the desired effect.

JU. AS. (*Faltering*): Have you anything cheaper?

MAN. DIR. (*Calling, as before*): Send up price Italians, and French.

JAMES (*Calling, as before*): Italians, modern, sixpence per thousand. We're out of Mario and Giuglini. French, a penny a million.

MAN. DIR.: French warranted to produce a fine tremolo effect. Cheap, but showy.

JU. AS.: I'm afraid I shall have to go in for French—unless, indeed, the German—

MAN. DIR.: My dear sir, we don't deal in German air. Plenty of London fog will have precisely the same result.

JU. AS.: Then please lay on French. I have no other alternative, your prices are so high.

MAN. DIR.: But then look at the result! A certain quality of voice guaranteed by the use of the air, and *ergo*, a certain income. What address?

JU. AS.: No. 1, Air Lane.

MAN. DIR.: The supply shall be laid on at once. Good morning, sir.

JU. AS. (*Going*): I forsee that I shall have to pass my life in a foreign country, at *cafés chantants*, or in stuffy English drawing-rooms. Oh! why could I not afford a few thousand of Maas, Lloyd, or Reeves! (*Exit.*)

Curtain.

(The above is dedicated with all possible respect to Mr. Lennox Browne, F.R.C.S.)

D. L. R.

HERR CARL ZOELLER, bandmaster of the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars, was elected a member of the "Reale Accademia di S. Cecilia di Roma," in the class of "Maestri Compositori," on the 10th of April, 1884.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

BISHOP AUCKLAND.—The very spirited and well-managed Musical Society of this place gave Haydn's *Creation* in the Town Hall on April 22nd, under the direction of Mr. Kilburn, with Miss Arthur, Mr. Chilley, and Mr. F. Bevan, as principal singers. In the interval, two movements from Beethoven's quartet in F were played by Mdlle. Brouil, Mr. Lux, Mr. Beers and Mr. J. A. Bronsil. The book of the words, with its notes and quotations, constituted an excellent feature, and might be imitated with advantage in most places.

CARDIFF.—On the 17th and 18th of April the Royal Academy Examinations were held at the Town Hall under the conductorship of Mr. Brinley Richards. The number of students presented was in excess of that of previous years, and the examiner noted with approval the increase which had taken place in the number of those who were studying the theoretical branches of the art. Some persons, he regretted to say, seemed to think the manipulation of the keyboard everything, and they neglected the theory of music of which they ought to have had a good understanding. The arrangements of preparing the candidates had been carried out by the local representative of the Royal Academy, Mr. Atkins.—On the 16th April and following days, an attractive bazaar was held in the Charles Street Assembly Rooms, in aid of the funds of the Star Street Congregational Chapel, of which the Rev. Thomas Evans is the pastor. The proceedings, which were opened by the Mayor, continued for several days, and embraced a series of interesting Concerts arranged by the organist of the chapel, Mr. T. U. Walland. Among the vocalists were Madame Davies-Edwards, Miss Grace Williams, Miss Bertha Foster, &c.

CIRENCESTER.—The *Messiah* was performed here on April 16th, by the Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Brend, organist of the Parish Church, with Miss Julia Jones, Miss Ellis, Mr. Kenningham and Mr. Kempton as solo vocalists. There was a complete orchestra, mainly drawn from local sources, and the entire Concert was most creditable to those concerned.

CWMTILLERY.—An Eisteddfod was held here on Easter Monday, under the presidency of Mr. R. Potter, Chairman of the South Wales Colliery Company, and amongst those also present were:—Mr. J. A. Rolls, M.P., and Mrs. Rolls, Rev. Evan Davies, B.A., Colonel Heyworth and Mrs. Heyworth, Misses Heyworth and Misses Potter. The musical adjudicator was Dr. Joseph Parry of Swansea. The literary adjudicator was Mr. R. Potter. The accompanist, Mr. J. M. Jenkins, organist of St. Peter's Church, Blaenau, and Mr. Morgan Wallace, secretary. The results of the musical competitions were as follows:—Bass solo, "Honour and Arms," Mr. George Cave, Brynmawr. Soprano solo, "Ye Men of Gaza," Mr. Lloyd, Tredegar, and Mrs. Owen. Singing by juvenile choirs of "Light in the Valley," first prize (50s. and 5s. to the conductor), Congregational, Abertillery (D. Winstone). A second prize of 34s. added by the Chairman, was taken by the Ebenezer choir (T. Samuel). Harp solo, "Gwenith Gwyn," first prize, £4, Barker, Caerphilly, and prizes of £1 each were taken by William Morgan, Bargoed; and Thomas Thomas, Tredegar. Glee for male voices, "March of the Patriots," Congregational Choir (25s.). Harp solo, "Men of Harlech," £1, divided between Barker and W. Morgan. What may be regarded as the principal competition was that between choirs from Tredegar and Abertillery for a prize of £15, and 20s. for the conductor, offered for the

best rendering of "Worthy is the Lamb." The Tredegar choir was successful. This contest was watched with great interest. At the Concert held in the evening, Mr. Rolis, M.P., presided, and among the performers was Dr. Parry.

GLASGOW.—At the Annual Meeting of the Guarantors, and others interested in the Glasgow Choral Union, held on the 7th inst., the following report was submitted, and unanimously approved:—"The balance at the close of season 1882-83 was £3,047 8s. 6d., from which there was transferred to the Guarantee Fund, for repayment to Guarantors, £1,863 5s. 7d., leaving an available balance of £1,184 3s. 3d. The income for season 1883-84 amounted to £10,242 2s. 1d., and the expenditure to £9,228 9s. 1½d., leaving a surplus of £1,013 12s. 11½d., and with the former balance, making a total surplus on hand of £2,197 16s. 2½d. The Glasgow Concerts consisted of the subscription series of twelve Concerts—four choral and eight orchestral—and the usual popular Concerts, eleven in number. The orchestra also fulfilled engagements in Edinburgh (eleven Concerts), Dundee (one Concert), Paisley (two), Hawick (one), Aberdeen (one), and Glasgow (1st L.R.V. Concert). The Committee feel much gratified with the financial result of the past season, and recommend that the balance be retained in hand." It will be seen that the Committee are in a position to pay a further partial dividend, but the prudent course of husbanding the funds has been adopted, as in the words of the Chairman, "they were not quite sure of what was before them. The local mercantile aspect is not particularly promising, and in the best interests of the Concerts, caution is highly desirable." It may be mentioned that the amount still due to the guarantors is £2,126. There is, doubtless, something to be said in favour of the views submitted at the meeting by Sir James Watson. He spoke on behalf of many subscribers, who are of opinion that the programmes of the subscription Concerts should be laid out on more "popular" lines. So far as works like Berlioz's *Messe des Morts* are concerned, the worthy knight has the cordial support of all here who have the true interests of music at heart.—*Estrella*, a new comic opera by Luscombe Searle, was produced at the Grand Theatre on the 31st ult. The work was, we believe, originally brought out at a *Gaiety matinée* in May last. The story, which is essentially French in spirit, has been wedded to some bright and tuneful enough music, but this is, possibly, all that can be said in favour of the new comer. *Iolanthe* has been again run at the Royalty Theatre, and in presence of good audiences. The company, which includes Miss Alice Barnett, is a competent one, and Mr. Knapp has mounted the opera in his well-known artistic style. Van Bree's cantata, *St. Cecilia's Day*, was successfully performed by the Girvan Musical Association on the 14th ult. The Concert was the seventh annual one given by this interesting body of vocalists, who are now under the experienced baton of Mr. Hugh McNabb. On the 13th ult., the Dumbarton Society essayed the *Elijah*, but Mendelssohn's work is, as yet, beyond the powers of the choir.

HEREFORD.—The Philharmonic Society, conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie, and comprising the *élite* of city and county, gave the first Concert of its twenty-second season in the Shire Hall on April 18. A varied programme was put before the audience. It included the march from Prout's *Alfred*, Chopin's valse in A flat, played by Miss Augusta Harvey, Haydn's symphony, known in England as Letter Q, the minuet and trio from Boccherini's

quintett in A, and a number of songs for solo and concerted voices. Miss Ellicott won honours by her solo singing, and Mr. Leslie's part-song, "The Troubadour," was encored.

LIVERPOOL.—The recent termination of the Hallé, Philharmonic and Choral Society series has shown very conclusively that Liverpool is quite strong enough to support the three schemes, with the proviso that the schemes have in themselves sufficient stamina to bear the favour shown them, which so far has proved the case,—a consummation which all parties concerned may thankfully congratulate themselves upon. It has been rumoured that Mr. Hallé intended leaving the Philharmonic Society, but as neither he nor the Society have any information upon the subject, it may be safely inferred that the rumour comes from the usual source of such stories. Although rather early to make any plans for next season's schemes, yet the Philharmonic Society are thinking of Berlioz's *L'enfance du Christ*, Gade's *Psyche*, and possibly Dvorak's *Stabat Mater*, and the Choral Society have in contemplation *Fridolin*, which is from the pen of their conductor, Mr. Randegger, as well as Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* and Spohr's vocal mass in C. There is every probability of the Richter Concert on the 25th inst., and of Dr. Von Bülow's recital on the 3rd prox., being great successes and a very worthy finish to a very worthy season. The free performance of *The Messiah* for the poor was again given by a very capable chorus on Good Friday, and St. George's Hall was once more filled with an eager crowd, the larger portion of whom were well able to pay for their seats. As it is evident that the persons charged with the distribution of the tickets for this performance abuse their trust, it would perhaps be advisable that the distribution be in future placed in the hands of members of the Kyrle and Ruskin Societies, who could not certainly act with more complete littleness than is now shown. On the 26th March, the last Concert of the series arranged by Father Nugent for the poor, was given by Mr. J. F. Swift and friends. This series has been one lasting proof that good music has in itself power to attract even the uneducated classes, as the Rotunda Lecture Hall, holding about 2,000, has been crowded week after week by a most attentive and appreciative audience, who have shown a decided preference for those Concerts which aimed highest. It is to be hoped that the Corporation will lend St. George's Hall for next season. The popular musical festival arranged for the twelfth time by the Liverpool Pilots for the benefit of the Seamen's Orphanage, took place at Hengler's Circus, on Easter Monday, before an audience of some six or seven thousand persons. Besides the usual miscellaneous ballad programme which was excellently rendered, the pilots essayed *Trial by Jury* with an amount of success which would fully justify a further attempt in this line. The part of the Defendant was excellently filled by Mr. Arthur Bearne, a well-known Birmingham vocalist, who had kindly come down to assist the pilots, and the other characters were successfully attempted by various members of the service, while the melodious choruses were sung in a charming and spirited manner by the well-trained children of the Orphanage. The pilots were lucky in securing Mr. Josef Cantor as their musical director.

NEWCASTLE.—Mr. Rea's choir performed Gounod's *Redemption* here on March 25, before a crowded audience, hundreds being turned away. Misses Farnol D'Alton, and Bellas, Mr. Chilley and Mr. Lucas Williams were the principal vocalists, Mr. Kilburn conducting in the absence of Mr. Rea. All passed off well, and the work appeared to make a deep impression.

REVIEWS.

METHVEN, SIMPSON AND CO. (Dundee).

Hiawatha. Waltz. By Edward Peberdy.

If not distinguished by rhythmic device the themes of this waltz are pleasing, and the whole is quite easy of execution.

Campsie Glen. Song. Words by James Lawson. Music by Arthur C. Haden.

This is a very pretty, simple Scottish song, as free from pretence and as pleasant to mind and ear as one of the old national ditties. We can only object to it that the accents are here and there open to improvement.

'Twas only a *Spray of Heather*. Ballad. Words by Mrs. Smeaton. Music by J. More Smeaton.

A PLEASING song, evidently written with great care and some skill. It is capable of considerable effect when well sung.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Luther's Snow Song. Set to music composed by J. O. Smith, of Cheltenham.

QUITE apart from any connection with Luther, this is a sacred song with a good deal of feeling in it. The melody commands hearty approval, and the accompaniments have been thoughtfully written.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

Ave Maria. Motet for two voices (1st and 2nd sopranos or tenor and baritone), with organ or piano-forte accompaniment. Composed by A. B. Duvivier.

We commend this work as an acceptable addition to Catholic Church music and to the repertory of the home circle. It is written with considerable taste and feeling as well as much skill, the voice parts being largely independent and not always moving together in thirds and sixths, as the manner of some is. M. Duvivier will be esteemed as a composer of sacred music wherever this little piece makes its way.

Ride a Cock-Horse. Nursery Rhyme. Part-song for mixed voices. Composed by C. A. Macirone.

We know not whether this be the first attempt of Miss Macirone to set music to a nursery rhyme, but we are quite positive that it is a successful one: Not only is the spirit of the music good, but by its flavour of seriousness one is made to discern a sense of humour. The part-song can be enjoyed for its purely musical effect, also for the incongruous association of tone and word.

St. George's Te Deum. Performed for the Inauguration of the International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, April 23, 1884. Music by G. A. Macfarren.

THIS, the latest production of Sir G. A. Macfarren's vigorous and learned pen, cannot fail to be received with interest apart from its connection with the ceremonial on Sydenham Hill. The work presents a good combination of the free and scholastic styles, counterpoint predominating, as, in Church music of this character, it rightly should. Only the orchestral prelude bears signs of the occasion for which the whole was prepared, and this introduces a group of national anthems—those of Austria, Russia, Denmark, Germany ("The Watch on the Rhine"), France and England ("Rule Britannia"). Otherwise the work is divided into nine numbers—five choruses, a trio with chorus, and three songs. The opening chorus, "We praise Thee," is fugal to some extent, but most distinguished by passages of massive and imposing harmony. "The Glorious Company" is more elaborately

fugal; while "Thou art the King of Glory" appears as a bass solo of a bold and impressive character. "Thou sittest at the right hand of God" is set for the chorus in homophonic style, and contains some masterly passages, one especially on the words, "We believe that thou shalt come." We therefore pray Thee," is a reposeful contralto air; and "O, Lord, save thy people," a trio with chorus, very beautiful, but conventional in treatment. The chorus, "Day by day," opens with an exciting *ensemble*, and develops into a regular fugue, written with the vigour and ease that always mark the composer's counterpoint. In "Vouchsafe, O Lord," we have a soprano air, quite distinctive and not far, in some respects, from originality. The work ends with another fugue, "O, Lord, in Thee." This is regularly worked out at length, and may be described as a masterpiece. We pronounce the "Te Deum" to be—of course, apart from its *prélude d'occasion*—a most valuable addition to church music of the right sort.

Parizadeh. Cantata for Solo Voices, Chorus, and Orchestra. Music composed by Wilfred Bendall.

THIS Cantata was performed for the first time on April 22 by Mr. Willing's Choir, the soloists being Miss Mary Davies, Miss Marian McKenzie, and Mr. King. It has a pretty story taken from a Persian legend which tells how a banished Indian Prince, seeing some doves turn into beautiful maidens, detained one of them by stratagem and married her; how the Peri learned to love her mortal husband, who presently had to take a long journey, and how, left alone, the celestial being pined for her old home and state, which she eventually attained. The librettist (Anonymous) has dealt in a brief and sketchy manner with his theme, and Mr. Bendall has written to it music of a modest character, nowhere aiming at originality of idea or expression, but being content to please through the use of ordinary means. There is no need to elaborate a review of *Parizadeh*. It is full of agreeable conventionalities, gives pleasure to the mass of its hearers, and is so easy as well as so refined and graceful that we doubt not the Cantata will be eagerly sought by Choral Societies all over the country. For such popular use it is eminently adapted.

DUNCAN, DAVISON AND CO.

Eisoldt's New Method for Beginners on the Pianoforte. Teaching Time, Tone, and Touch.

THE design of this work is good, and amateurs who cannot afford a master may get from it some very useful hints. So, for that matter, may teachers themselves.

"O! Lady, leave thy silken thread. Song. Words by Thomas Hood. Music by Ignace Gibsone.

A SIMPLE and pretty song, howing the taste with which musicianship always works, no matter how unpretending the task.

THE real author of *Dick*, now on the bills at the Globe Theatre, is, we understand, Mr. Belville, the actor.

MISS MARION SALTER, assisted by competent artists, gave a successful Evening Concert in Steinway Hall, on April 22nd.

MR. ELLIS PARR, of 16, Long Lane, writes that he has ceased to be agent in London for the Zeitter and Winkelman pianos.

LATEST criticism; "N. is massive, robust and cold as a snow-drift; G. is squat and Dutch; H. has grown obese; S. is stout, short-nosed, red-cheeked, near-sighted."

SCRAPS FROM AMERICA.

PATTI and Nordica (Lillian Norton, American), are both members of Mapleson's Company. Patti is mad because Nordica got more flowers, on several occasions, than did the great *prima donna*. Nordica was bounced from the company; and now the great *prima donna* is complacently waiting for the "next."

ABOUT the silliest suit we have ever heard of is that of J. N. Pattison, a New York pianist, dealer, composer, publisher, etc., who asks for 10,000 dol. damages against Chickering and Sons, because on a programme of a recent performance in Chickering Hall, by a mistake of the printer, Pattison was announced as the "milkman pianist" instead of the "well-known pianist."

A WESTERN settler who supposed that he had musical taste went to the nearest township and purchased a music-stool, taking it home with him. In the course of a few days, however, he brought it back, and demanded restitution of the money paid, as the stool was no good—no good at all. The seller examined it, and said that it was in perfect order, and the screw all right, and therefore that it should not be thrown back on his hands. "Well," said the settler, "I took it home careful, as you could see for yourself; and I gave it a turn, and the missus she gave it a turn, and every one of the children gave it a turn, and never a tune could one and all of us screw out of it. It's no more a music-stool than the four-legged washing stool the missus sets her tub on!"

A CORRESPONDENT of *Brainard's Musical World* gives the following free and easy description of an amateur concert in Berlin:—"An amateur concert, the performers all being of court circles, for the benefit of some charitable institution, was a funny affair. The orchestra composed of young officers entirely, some thirty strong, attempted a Lachner march, a Mozart minuet and a Haydn symphony-finale. I shudder to think of the various A's there represented. Every man had apparently tuned his instrument at home, without regard to consequences. Then various young countesses and baronesses, any number of people with 'von' in their names, sang duo, solo, quartette everything. A nephew of old 'Bizzy' (Count von Bismarck), a lean, cadaverous youth, with feet so large that 'tis a mystery to me how he ever got 'em 'thro those tight officers' panta-breeches—also appeared in the royal menagerie. Really charming however were two songs by Hiller, three-voiced, for female voices, sung by an array of beauty stunning in the extreme, some thirty young ladies. Schumann's ballad, 'Belsazzar' was also well sung by a sprig of royalty. You'd a died if you'd heard the D flat nocturne of Chopin. It reminded me of an American female college graduation exercise. An officer with a patent back-action sword attachment, warranted to trip the wearer and to get in the way whenever the opportunity presented itself, was the perpetrator. Another 'Herr Baron' marched down those awkward steps of the Singakademie, to the stage proper, with his sword clanging, his spurs rattling, his helmet and music in one hand, his sword hilt and coat tail in the other, dropped the music and, in picking it up, let go of his helmet, and finally stood there in an intensely warlike position, the hilt of the sword grasped firmly in one hand, exactly in front, his helmet in the same hand and his music tightly rolled in his other. There he stood, ready to defend himself, singing sentimental German songs. Yum, yum. I enjoyed that circus! The old Emperor and others of the court shall were there. I'll bet they wished they weren't. One thousand five hundred dollars were netted."

CHAPELMASTER GERICKE, of Vienna, has resigned his position and expects to come to Boston, where he will take Mr. George Henschel's place as the leader of the orchestra. Another man of ability is thus to be added to the ranks of our musical profession. We suppose, however, he will first have to be examined by the committee of the National Teachers' Association before he will have any professional standing in this country.

GOUNOD's villa was recently visited by a lady. Noticing on the mantelpiece a cherry-stone, she quickly took it, and had it set in pearls and diamonds, as a relic of the master whom she loved and revered. A few weeks later Gounod saw the lady, and, in the course of conversation, the lady showed him the cherry-stone with all its elegant and rich surroundings. "But, Madam," said Gounod, smiling, "I never eat cherries; those that were on the mantelpiece were eaten by my servant, John." *Tableau vivant!*

AS THE question of copyright with America is important to many of our readers, we give the text of a Bill now before Congress:—"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. That any citizen of a foreign country who shall be the author, inventor or designer of any book, map, or dramatic or musical composition, shall upon complying with the provision of this Act, and subject to the limitations thereof, have the sole liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, completing, copying, executing, finishing and vending the same, and in case of a dramatic composition, of publicly performing or representing it, or causing it to be performed or represented by others; and foreign authors shall have the exclusive right to dramatize or to translate their own works.—Sec. 2. That copyrights granted to a citizen of a foreign country pursuant to the provisions of this Act, shall continue for the term of twenty-five years from the time of recording the title thereto.—Sec. 3. That any copyright granted to a citizen of a foreign country pursuant to the provisions of this Act shall cease, terminate and expire upon the death of the author, inventor or designer to whom such copyright was granted.—Sec. 4. That no copyright granted to a citizen of a foreign country pursuant to the provisions of this Act shall be renewed after the expiration of the term of twenty-five years provided by the second section of this Act.—Sec. 5. That whenever any foreign country shall by its laws grant to citizens of the United States privileges similar and equal to those hereby granted to citizens of a foreign country, the President of the United States shall make public proclamation thereof, and from and after the date of such proclamation the citizens of the foreign country or countries therein named shall be entitled to the rights, properties and privileges hereby granted.—Sec. 6. That the provision of this Act shall not apply to a citizen of any foreign country which shall not by its laws have granted to citizens of the United States privileges, properties and rights equal and similar to those hereby granted to citizens of foreign countries, nor until such foreign country shall have been named in a public proclamation by the President of the United States, as provided in section 5 of this Act.—Sec. 7. That all provisions of chapter three, title sixty, of the Revised Statute of the United States not inconsistent with this Act, shall be applicable to those citizens of foreign countries who may be entitled to the benefit of this Act, and all copyrights which may be granted to citizens of foreign countries shall be subject to the provisions of said chapter three, title sixty, not inconsistent with this Act."

A MADAME GIULIA VALDA made a *début* recently at the Italian Opera in Paris, as Gilda in *Rigoletto*. She is described as possessed of "a pure and sympathetic soprano voice." M. Gayarre made a great sensation as the Duke.

MADAME MARIE ROZE contemplates appearing in the last act of *Carmen* on horseback, and by the time this appears, will probably have carried out her intention. The idea is not altogether original, but is borrowed from a St. Petersburg *prima donna*.

THE directors of the Empire Theatre anticipate a run for *Chilperic* until December next, and have not as yet any other piece in contemplation. They have spent no less than eight thousand pounds upon the production of Hervé's opera; which, in truth, is weak enough to need any amount of propping up.

WE hear on authority that Mr. Abbey has lost £50,000 by his Italian Opera campaign in America. No wonder! if it be true that some of the works were played absolutely without rehearsal, and that one, *Mignon*, was entrusted, under these conditions, to a *chef d'orchestre* who had never even witnessed a performance of it.

MR. SINCLAIR DUNN gave his very interesting entertainment, "Songs of Britain" at the Birkbeck Institution, Chancery Lane, on April 9th, assisted by Miss S. Fenn and Miss M. Lawrie. The programme contained a liberal and varied selection of pieces old and new, grave and gay, and the performance was much applauded by a large and thoroughly satisfied audience.

MR. T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P., lectured at Enniskillen a few days ago upon the subject of "Irish songs and music." The authorities, however, evidently saw something deeply seditious under the apparently peaceful title and therefore doubled the police force and confined the soldiers to barracks. In the words of Harry Jackson, "Another injustice to Oireland!"

COLONEL MAPLESON—he of America—having been arrested in a certain city for overcrowding the theatre, was duly brought before the judge the other day. The Colonel was shrewd enough to see his opportunity and led the judge on to "interview" him. In answer to questions from the bench, he gave his own personal history from the age of two months, and related all his experiences and prowess as the oldest operatic manager. The court was interested, the reporters were busy taking notes, and the colonel stood in the dock and blew his own trumpet loudly and with many flourishes! It was magnificent—but it was not law.

WHEN thinking of popular songs, the name of Will S. Hays, one of our most popular song-writers, recurs, among others, to our mind. A good story is told at his expense by a well-known humourist. It was when George D. Prentice was editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*. His office was a sort of headquarters for numerous lounging friends, who liked to drop in and listen to the wit of the veteran journalist. Will S. Hays was one of the most frequent visitors, and sauntering in one day in his usual free and easy manner, sat down in one chair, with his feet on another, and jamming his hat on the back of his head said, without consulting Mr. Prentice's leisure; "Seen my last song, George?" Mr. Prentice ceased writing, sighed heavily and looking up sadly and reproachfully at the young man said: "I hope so, Billy."

SOME educational writer suggests that we give our pupils less Greek and Latin and a little more history of the United States! Doubtless this is a good suggestion. Every pupil should be made acquainted with the history of his native country. So should all school-children learn to sing and to revere our national hymns and tunes. National history and national tunes will go well together.

WE have had English lecturers in this country who have talked of philosophy, æsthetics and other subjects—except music. The Rev. Haweis is coming over soon to tell us what we ought to do about music. Mr. Haweis has gained some celebrity as a writer and lecturer on musical topics. Probably he will "draw." Anything from Europe draws in this country, like a mustard-plaster—see English comic operas, *et cetera*.

MR. C. D. HESS has issued a manifesto from Mexico city, hoping to attract artists and "combinations" down that way by enlarging on the beauties of the scenery, climate, and dollars. His postscript is worth quoting: "Managers and *prime donne* will not have much to pay for bouquets here, as you can buy a barrel of the choicest flowers at any time of the year for fifty cents." The consideration may, perhaps, influence M^{me}. Patti.

HANDEL'S *Messiah* was given at Shoreditch Town Hall, on Good Friday evening, by the North-East London Choral Society, and an efficient band. The soloists were Madame Clara West, Miss Ellen Chapman, R.A.M., Miss Coyte Turner, Miss Lottie West, Mr. C. J. Murton, and Mr. T. Lawler, junr., each of whom was highly successful. Organist, Mr. L. B. Prout, R.A.M.; trumpet, Mr. Davin; tympani, Mr. Watson; leader, Mr. Borchitzski; conductor, Mr. John E. West. The appreciative audience numbered over 1,500 persons.

WE give below an edifying example of criticism in Illinois. It is cut out of a paper called the *Aurora Journal*:—"The editor of this paper makes no great pretensions in the way of musical criticism, but when a genuine 600 dols. grand, spiral, stub-and-twist, back-action, self-adjusting, chronometer-balanced, full-jewelled, fourth-proof, rib-snorting conglomeration comes to town he proposes to hump himself. K's diaphragm has evidently not, like wine, improved with old age. Her upper register is upstairs near the skylight, while the lower register is closed for repairs. The aforesaid K. performed her grand triple act of singing, rolling the eyes and talking to some one in the wing at the same time. Her smiles at the audience were calm but determined, but her smiles at the 'feller' hid behind the scenes were divine. Her singing, when she condescended to pay any attention to the audience, to our critical ear (the other ear being carefully folded up) seemed to be a blending of the fortissimo crescendo dam fi-no or care either. Her costume was a harmonious blending of the circus-tent and balloon style, and was very gorgeous. The Italian part of the business was as fidgetty and furious as usual, and demonstrated what early associations with the hand-organ and monkey will accomplish. The venerable and obese freak, B., was as graceful as usual. His appearance very nearly resembles a stove in a corner grocery or a water tank on a narrow-gauge railroad. He was not fully appreciated until he turned to go off the stage. He then appeared to the best advantage, and to take an interest in getting out of sight as soon as possible—an effort in which he had the sympathy of the audience."